

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper.



WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

TOO SOON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROCKSTONE."

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A HALT BY THE WAY.

THE dreaded Thursday came. It seemed useless to attempt further opposition. Ursula saw that her father was bent on departure, and since her last talk with Miss Fraser she shrank from being left alone with her.

That last talk had been very mischievous. Ursula's

dread of returning had been full of contradictory elements. Sometimes she had longed so intensely to be again with Michael that she had felt persuaded the longing must be shared, and that next day he would appear at the villa; but he did not come, and her dread of his coldness grew more and more real. But now Rachel's words had helped her own imaginings. She had seen Michael since Ursula had, and his coldness was a reality, and Miss Fraser was aware of it.

No. 1114.—MAY 3, 1873.

"Why does he wish me to go home if he has left off loving me?" she said, bitterly, over and over again, as she lay awake picturing her return, with all the vivid graphic force her fancy gave her. She loving as ever, ready to forgive all Michael's tyranny; but Michael stern and implacable, not even glad to see her, looking so cold and unmoved that all her good resolutions would dwindle, and some ungovernable petulance would take their place.

"It is much better to keep apart than to quarrel," she said, sadly. She took a lingering, unwilling farewell of the garden.

But, true to her own contradiction, it seemed to Ursula that the long and distant journey offered some chance of respite. Michael might still repent and come to meet her. She had resolved to forgive him if he made that atonement, but she shrank with angry repugnance from the other alternative. How could she submit to be taken home, like a naughty runaway child, lectured, and schooled into good behaviour! She struggled with this feeling during the early part of the journey.

"After all"—she drew up her slight figure till it was as erect as Miss Fraser sitting beside her in the carriage—"I am a woman, not a child. No one can make me do what I don't like. I will not go home unless Michael comes to me and asks me to return to him. I am sure my father will not turn against me."

She had got near her journey's end before she determined on this plan of action. It seemed as if a great load slipped suddenly from her mind.

"Why did I not settle this sooner?" she thought. "I have been worrying myself about nothing."

Either her self-torment or the fatigue of the journey proved too exhausting. When she reached Dover she fainted in the carriage that conveyed them from the steamer.

Her father was terribly frightened; even Miss Fraser was anxious.

"I shall sit up with her to-night," she said, "and we shall see how she is in the morning."

Ursula had a fitful, fevered night. She talked bitterly of her husband's want of affection. Miss Fraser sat and listened to her wanderings, and she grew very heavy-hearted. What could she do to help this self-willed child to regain her happiness? She dared not plead Ursula's cause with Michael; she knew he would not allow her to speak of his wife. She remembered that on his return from Scotland he had said that he feared Rachel had not succeeded in making Ursula happy, and his cousin had borne the reproach in proud silence.

What could she do to help these two? Ursula had forbidden the mention of Michael Helder's name.

"The best way would be for Michael to come down here and take the poor unhappy child by surprise," said Miss Fraser, as she sat tapping her lips with her forefinger beside Ursula's bed. Rachel had been travelling all day, and she felt very tired, but it was a clear case of duty to sit up with Ursula, and she sat till daylight crept into the room, and her patient fell into a sound sleep.

When Ursula came down-stairs next morning she declared herself much better, but her weakness was evident, and Mr. Williams decided on remaining another night at Dover. He told Miss Fraser this when Ursula went out of the room.

"Very well"—she spoke reluctantly, she had a

secret undefined dread of leaving Ursula behind—"but I think I had best go on to London to-day. You see I wrote to Michael to expect us to-day, and he will be so anxious. I wish he could have met us here; but I suppose that can't be." She was carried out of her usual calmness by her wish for Michael's happiness. "You promise me," she said, earnestly, "that you will bring Ursula home to us directly she is fit to travel."

This speech annoyed Mr. Williams. It was unusual to him to blame or judge another person; but he could not help thinking that Mr. Helder might as well have come to Dover to meet his wife, and also he thought he was capable of acting without Miss Fraser's advice. He bowed gravely.

"Ursula is quite unfit to travel now," he said; "but if you think it right to go to London at once, it is certainly better that you should do so."

"Tiresome man"—he had gone back to his newspaper, and Miss Fraser felt inclined to shake him—"he is so wrapped up in his musty old manuscripts, that he never sees how things are going. Does he suppose it is usual for a young wife to start off from her husband's roof at an hour's notice without asking leave, and then to stay away for weeks without writing to him after the first?"

She stood looking at the unconscious delinquent for a few minutes.

"I beg your pardon, but really this is of more consequence than you think"—her voice was impatient, for he had not once raised his eyes from his newspaper—"I wish you would persuade Ursula to write to her husband."

All through his life Mr. Williams had nervously avoided scenes and explanations; he thought any interference between husband and wife most reprehensible, and he was painfully surprised that Miss Fraser had not taken the hint he had already given her in Italy.

He got up and folded his newspaper; he felt powerless to silence this very uncompromising person; his only hope of escape lay in avoiding her; but he smiled as he answered.

"I suppose Ursula and her husband understand one another"—he looked grave—"I really must decline giving any opinion. I never yet saw good arise from interference between husband and wife; time and patience are far more effectual."

Miss Fraser was checked for a moment by his quiet, impressive manner; but, like many another woman in whom the organ of benevolence is strongly developed, she was fond of forcing circumstances on to the rails which she considered would most speedily bring them to a favourable terminus. It seemed to her this was her last chance of opening Mr. Williams's eyes to his daughter's folly, and she resolved not to lose it.

"You must excuse me, but I cannot agree with you." She spoke so incisively, there was such strong conviction in her voice, that against his will he listened. "Perhaps you have not thoroughly considered the subject. Ursula went off to join you in Rome against my wish, and without asking her husband's permission; this you will perhaps consider excusable, as the case was urgent, and as things turned out. She wrote to her husband about twice, I think; but I do not think that Mr. Helder was at all pleased when he found she had travelled alone. I can scarcely imagine you approved of such a proceeding for so very young a woman. When I saw

her in Rome, I confess I was surprised at her coldness and indifference about her husband's illness. You yourself agreed with me that as Mr. Helder was unfit to travel when I left him, it was better not to tell him the extent of Ursula's illness, so that Ursula ought not to resent any lack of anxiety on his part."

"What reason have you to suppose she has any idea of the kind?" Mr. Williams's face flushed: as he spoke, he remembered that Ursula had said her husband was in no haste to have her home again; an uncomfortable sympathy with Miss Fraser's anxiety began to awaken within him.

"Well"—there was a dash of sarcasm in her voice—"I have used my eyes and my ears. I can see Ursula is very unhappy; she is evidently angry with her husband, or she would write to him. She has not written once since her illness, and yet I believe she thinks her husband ought to be the first to make advances and come and fetch her home."

Mr. Williams had resolved to hold his peace; but these words stirred him. He thought Miss Fraser was very hard on Ursula.

"You can hardly expect me to see this matter as you do," he said, "and I hope your anxiety is groundless. I shall take Ursula home in a day or so, unless Michael comes to fetch her."

Miss Fraser shrugged her shoulders.

"Very well; but I must always think that Ursula is acting very foolishly. I shall start in about an hour, but I shall see her before I go."

She made her preparations, and then, just before she started, she went to say good-bye to Ursula.

The girl put her arms round her, and kissed her affectionately.

"I am not good at thanking," she whispered, "but I am very grateful for all your kind nursing."

Miss Fraser had not expected this, and she had to steel herself to fulfil her purpose. "Have you a message for Michael?"

Ursula's face grew hard in an instant—the tender liquid light faded out of her eyes.

"My love," she said, coldly, "and I hope he is quite well."

Miss Fraser put a hand on each of the girl's shoulders. "Ursula, you are perhaps not well enough to write, but do not fling away your happiness recklessly; you are a wife, and a wife must be subject to her husband. A few words of penitence might heal all. My poor dear child, will you not give me a really loving message for your husband?"

She looked beseechingly at Ursula, but the girl turned her face away.

"It is quite useless," she said, sadly; "you are kind, but you do not understand me one bit. I cannot explain myself without blaming him, and that is impossible. Now don't lose your train."

Mr. Williams came in. "We have no time to spare," he said; "I am going to see you off, Miss Fraser," and he gave an anxious glance at his daughter's pale face. "I think short good-byes are best for Ursula."

There was no help for it. Miss Fraser started for London heavy-hearted about her cousin's happiness, and very discontented with herself.

CHAPTER XL.—WHAT THE WAVES SAID.

HER father was so grave and silent when he came back from the railway station that Ursula grew troubled.

Suppose he were to take Miss Fraser's view of her conduct, what would happen?

"But I will not go back," she said; "no one, not even a father, has a right to interfere between man and wife. I cannot tell any one what I know is the truth—that Michael does not want me; if he had a spark of love left for me, we should have found him at Dover waiting for us. I can't see how it is to end; but I should be a hypocrite if I were to write and beg his pardon, and I know that is what Rachel wants me to do. He has left off loving me, not because I left home, but because he had grown tired of me before he went away; while I"—here a great sob came—"have been loving him all this time as dearly as ever; still, I can't be so unwomanly as to force my love where it is not wanted."

She thought it would be wise to avoid an explanation with her father. She sent word by a servant that she had gone out walking, and she went out.

She stood on the esplanade, uncertain where to go, and then she turned irresistibly to the sea, drawn there against her will.

The beach was deserted. Ursula went and sat as close as she could to the green moaning waves. The tide was going out, and it seemed to beckon her to follow it.

"I wonder if I could ever be happy if I began life quite over again—among people I never saw before?" A long pause here. She gathered some stones in her hand, and flung them one after another into the retreating waves. They seemed to bend their heads in mockery, and the moaning sound began to shape itself into words, "Go back, go back, go back."

Ursula left off listening, and looked round.

The day had been cloudy, and the sun had not even peeped out to say good night before his setting. There was that calm grey light on everything which is so full of repose. A little way beyond her she saw the bathing women gathering up gowns which had been drying on the beach, held down by large stones; a fisherman sat on the edge of his boat mending a net. On the other side, beneath the pier, men were still at work repairing the vast structure. Everywhere, spite of the repose of the scene, there seemed to be an atmosphere of duty—even the waves were retiring in obedience to a fixed law. Ursula felt out of tune with all; there was neither repose nor submission in her struggling heart.

"Begin a new life!" She spoke passionately; she wanted to shut out the monotonous reproof of the waves; they were growing monotonous in that as well as sound as the light grew dimmer. "Why, that is just what I told myself before I married; my life was quite new then, and yet how soon I went back to the old way of living! Ah, but that was because I thought Michael understood me." She shook her head sadly. "No one does understand me, perhaps no one ever has or ever will—yes, Aunt Sophy did."

Here her thoughts came to a full stop; she had a new subject in Aunt Sophy.

Had her aunt been understood by those with whom she lived? And yet how lovingly and patiently she had always fulfilled all her duties. This thought was a stumbling-block. Ursula went on flinging stones at the waves.

"Well," she said, "Aunt Sophy was humble, and things that vex me would never have vexed her. I wish I had understood her, though, I might have

made her life happier; and yet she was always cheerful. How was it? how could she bear always to come second—never to be specially loved by any one? And yet she had plenty of feeling."

She got up and went home. She was safe now from Miss Fraser's appeals, but she felt yet shyer of her father.

When she reached the hotel, she learned that her long absence had alarmed Mr. Williams, and that he had gone out in search of her.

Ursula waited for his return, but she grew so weary that she resolved at last to go to bed; she was secretly glad of the excuse for avoiding him.

She was very weary, and yet she could not sleep. All the agitation she had suffered during the day revived, and acted itself over and over again in the still darkness. She saw Miss Fraser's sorrowful, beseeching face, and then she followed her to London, and witnessed Michael's disappointed look when he saw that his cousin was alone. Yes, he would be disappointed at his wife's disobedience, Ursula argued, although he might find her absence a relief; but it was more difficult to feel in the right lying alone there in the darkness than it had been in full daylight, with outward objects to distract thought. It was so very dark and still, it seemed to Ursula that the only sound which reached her—the splash of the waves as the tide brought them nearer and nearer to the beach—said, "Go back, go back," more distinctly than before; her conscience, too, would not be stifled; it repeated over and over again that she ought to have written to her husband to excuse her delay. "But he would not have cared to get an open message sent through a third person, and I was ill," she said, excusingly. She felt her cheeks grow hot at this; she could have written if she had not been self-willed. But the evil one is never so watchful as when he sees us call a fault by its right name, for directness and reality in dealing with our infirmities are two strong weapons in the spiritual warfare, and Ursula chased away the unpleasant thought by remembering that if she went on worrying herself she should never get well. She tried to go to sleep.

In vain. She counted forwards and backwards, went through various prescribed formularies, but her eyes still opened widely—she was not even drowsy.

At last she recalled her puzzle about Aunt Sophy, and tried to think it out—tried to seek for the talisman of her Aunt's unfailing, gentle humility: for Ursula got far enough to discover that humility had been the root of Miss Ashton's sweetness. She fell asleep, and she saw Aunt Sophy herself bending over her; but her sweet smile had fled. Instead there was an expression of grave reproof on the gentle face, and when Ursula stretched out her arms in glad welcome, it seemed to her that Aunt Sophy shuddered and faded away. . . .

CHAPTER XL.—HOPE DEFERRED.

A CERTAIN old woman, mythology tells us, had a habit of looking in her mirror and denying herself that which she wished for most; and this fable probably originated the belief that women are invariably contradictory even to their own desire, a belief which is only partially true—that is, it is untrue so far as it sets forth contradiction as a purely female failing. In this very circumstance of denying themselves that which they most wish for, from a sort of lofty contradiction which, if one ventured on such audacity, might

go by the name of sulkiness, men will beat women hollow, and they suffer far more because of the manly dignity which prevents any advance from them.

On the day of Ursula's expected return, Mr. Helder had been in a most disturbed and unnatural condition. He was still ill and weak, and his arm was bound up and lay helpless in a sling; but in the morning, before he went to the Museum, and now since his return, he has fidgeted and travelled about the house from the sitting-rooms to the bedrooms, and then again to the sitting-rooms, till there is no rest left in him. He looks anxious as well as fidgety, and very much annoyed.

The servants wonder, and tell each other that something must have gone wrong.

He looked pleased, overjoyed even, two mornings ago, when Mr. Williams wrote and said he could now promise to bring his daughter home fairly recovered on Thursday. Yes, then, although he still felt sore at the remembrance of Ursula's stiff letters, and at the long silence since her illness, Michael had given way to momentary rapture at the prospect of seeing his wife once more by his own fireside. The letter said they hoped to reach London early in the afternoon. There were only two afternoon trains, and one which arrived quite late in the evening, and Mr. Helder had been twice to the railway terminus without success. He was told the second train had been delayed, and might not arrive for two hours.

"I wish I had stayed at the station," he said; "and yet it was necessary to come home to put off dinner. The long journey will tire Ursula dreadfully; they ought to have come by the earlier train."

He frowned so heavily that Ursula would have considered her fears all realised if she had seen his face.

Long before the two hours had expired, he was on his way again to the station, but at the end of the street he stopped and called to a cab with luggage outside to stop also.

He had caught a glimpse of his cousin Rachel's face, and now, as he opened the cab door, a look of alarm came into his eyes when he saw that Miss Fraser was alone.

"What has happened? where is Ursula? tell me at once!" he said, impatiently.

"Get in, and I can tell you as we go along," and Miss Fraser laughed a little at what she considered was Michael's exaggeration.

"Nothing is the matter—that is, nothing alarming; only Ursula is so knocked up that she could not travel any farther. I left her and Mr. Williams at Dover, but I so feared you would be anxious that I came on alone."

"And left her by herself!" Michael spoke in the impatient tone which is called exclamation. "What a pity!"

Miss Fraser drew herself up, and then she gave a little sad smile.

"You must prepare yourself to find Ursula very much changed," she said.

He started a little—a fear came to him in her words. It was like a draught of cold outside air when one has been keeping close to the glow of a fire; and as one rises and shuts out the chill intruder, so Michael hardened himself against the half-felt dread—he resolved that the change Rachel spoke of was physical.

"You mean her illness has changed her; she is

thin and pale; does she look so ill, then?" And he thought he would go down to Dover, helpless as he was, and bring his wife home. "She will be better when she is comfortably at home again," he said. But the cab stopped at his own door, and he got out.

"I will say good-bye, as I have seen you," Miss Fraser said; "I may as well go straight home now."

"Nonsense, Rachel; you must stay here to-night, at any rate. I have heard no news yet, and your room is all ready."

Miss Fraser hesitated. She shrank from having to tell her cousin the truth; and yet sooner or later he must know of his wife's coldness.

"Very well, I will stay to-night; but I must go home to-morrow."

Miss Fraser went up-stairs, and stayed so long in her room that Michael was more restless than ever.

"She might consider that Ursula is my wife, and that I have not seen her for weeks. She must know that I am anxious to hear more of her," he said, and he walked up and down the room impatiently.

Miss Fraser came down-stairs as dinner was announced, and Michael had to restrain his impatience till the servants left the room.

"Now tell me, Rachel, how do you mean that Ursula is altered?" he said.

Miss Fraser had decided up-stairs that she would talk as little as possible about Ursula, but she was much too downright to evade questioning easily.

"Well"—she looked at her cousin with what she thought was an impenetrable expression, but to Michael she seemed very uncomfortable—"I have no wish to find fault with Ursula so far as regards myself, she has shown much more gratitude than I had any right to expect for my services; but the truth is, she is a very altered person."

Michael thought his cousin wished to be questioned into more decided blame of his wife, and he put a sudden check on his eagerness.

"Did she fix any day for her return home?" he said, carelessly.

Miss Fraser bit her lip. It seemed to her that she was treated slightly. She had gone all the way to Rome at her cousin's urgent request, and had stayed there for weeks nursing his wife. Why, now she reflected on it, she had lived longer with Ursula than Michael ever had, and must therefore know more than he did of the girl's wilful nature. As she travelled up from Dover, Miss Fraser had told herself with bitter regret that Michael could never be happy with his wife, but that she would never tell him so; and now it was as much as she could do to keep silence, it was such an outrage on common sense to let Michael go on supposing his wife was anxious to return home after all that had passed between her and Ursula.

"No, I do not think Ursula is anxious to return home. I must tell you the truth, Michael."

Michael flushed suddenly, but his cousin sat on his right hand looking straight before her. She was determined to say what she considered ought to be said.

"Perhaps I had better go and fetch her"—he tried to smile—"only I do not want her to know of my accident until she is strong again. It might upset her, she is so very sensitive."

He said this more to himself than to his cousin. He looked quickly at her, and felt vexed at her incredulous expression.

"Are you really asking my opinion, Michael?" Miss Fraser spoke severely, and held her head as straight as she could.

"Well, hardly. I suppose I ought to judge for Ursula and myself too."

It was a weak sentence, and he knew it, and felt again vexed with himself.

"Under ordinary circumstances a husband, of course, ought to be able to judge; but I believe I know more of Ursula than you do, Michael; and I really think if you want her to come home at all, you had better go and fetch her."

No answer. Miss Fraser deliberately ate a biscuit, but she did not look round. Mr. Helder was very angry. His cousin knew him too well to misunderstand his silence. She was sorry for him, but she did not regret her words; she had done her duty. It was absurd for a middle-aged man to go on dreaming and deceiving himself like a romantic boy.

She did not attempt to disturb him. She sat still and finished her biscuit; then she looked at the clock on the high mantelsheff. She had given this clock to Michael when first she took charge of his household—to keep things punctual, she said; and now she saw that she had sat beyond her allotted time after dinner.

"Shall I ring for tea?" she said; and she left him alone.

Miss Fraser had a strong confidence that she understood her cousin. She had always found it expedient and judicious to leave him to himself when he was vexed, but she had forgotten that marriage alters a man's nature as much as it affects the validity of his will and testament.

She had told him her opinion of Ursula; this she thought was a plain duty, and she was ready to give him her best advice as to the guidance of his spoiled, wilful wife. It had not occurred to her that all she had to say on so tender a subject should have been said at once; that her cousin's reserve and his pride would combine to keep him silent, and that she had thrown a brand of burning disquiet into his heart which he would certainly not seek her aid in extinguishing.

He pushed his chair back from the table as soon as he was left alone.

"What does Rachel mean?" And then he got up and stood leaning against the high mantelsheff, trying to curb the tempest which had quite upset his self-control.

He did not succeed. Anger against Rachel was quickly succeeded by anger against Ursula—against her father, too, for countenancing her rebellious conduct.

At first he decided on going to Dover next day, and insisting on his wife's return, but this idea offended his pride.

"No," he said, bitterly, "if love will not bring Ursula back to me, we are best apart."

He passed his hand across his eyes, and was angry to find tears there. He would not own to himself how bitter a sorrow his cousin's words had laid on him.

Little by little, as his anger quieted, he began to piece facts together. He tried for a calmer, clearer view of his wife's conduct. Little by little the doubts of these last weeks, often repulsed but never wholly driven away, took definite shape, and then memory reminded him how soon his wife had grown cold after marriage. Further yet memory dragged him, with

the relentless pertinacity with which she forces the acceptance of slighted truths. How often he had been puzzled in the early days of his acquaintance with Ursula, and clearly, distinctly as if spoken in his ears, came the warning of the gentle woman who had known Ursula from a child—"You know we never understood Ursula, Walter, and I think Mr. Helder does."

Michael covered his face with his hand.

"And in my vanity I was foolhardy enough to think—I, who know so little of women—that I could control this incomprehensible girl, and make her mine absolutely. She never has been mine, because she has never loved me."

He groaned, but he tried bravely against his anguish. He understood now her unwillingness to marry him. She had found out her mistake even then. "Why did she not tell me openly she did not love me?" he said.

He stood there feeling that all joy and light had gone out of his life for ever; it would be misery to live with Ursula, knowing that she did not love him; and it must be misery to her to feel herself tied to a man from whom she shrank with dislike. "And I cannot set her free."

But this mood was too high-flown to last. His anger came back. Ursula might not love him, but she had no right to make her want of love public, or to live apart from him.

"I shall not go to Dover," he said, sternly; "I will not put myself in the place of a jailer. I shall write to her father, and ask my wife to return to me; but if she refuses, then she must seek me. A wife who leaves her husband without permission, and then persists in staying away from him, is not the girl I loved. After all, I may have been blinded by an infatuation, but I am no weak fool to be trampled on by a woman."

When he rejoined his cousin he asked no further questions.

Miss Fraser was eager to speak of Ursula now, but Michael would not give her the chance; he was cold and silent, and yet in his heart he was longing for even the slightest clue which might lead to an explanation of his wife's conduct.

Next morning he was more silent still.

At parting Miss Fraser could not restrain herself.

"You will go and fetch Ursula, Michael? Do; she is but a child, remember."

"Rachel!"—he spoke so sternly that his cousin started—"remember you are speaking of my wife; leave me to manage my own affairs."

And Miss Fraser reflected as she went home that those who try to mediate between husbands and wives, always get the worst of it.

THE HISTORY OF LABOURERS AND LABOUR IN ENGLAND.

BY S. R. PATTISON, F.G.S.

VII.—HOMES AND HEARTHES.

BUT, it will be said, what does the working-day world care for abstract rights, so long as the physical wants of its workers are supplied? "Tell us whether in those old times they were or were not better off than we are now?" We must needs admit that we are not able to throw much light on the

actual domestic condition of the mass of our countrymen during the lapse of a thousand years. Their "short and simple annals" have been omitted from history. We have the remains of temples and palaces, but the homes of the poor have all vanished and left no trace, except the caverns haunted by our remotest ancestors, or the pit-dwellings which have too often served also for their entombment.

"No diligence or research," says Mr. Wren Hoskyn, "can recover the forgotten history of a single village."* Mr. Hallam says: "We can trace the pedigree of princes, fill up the catalogue of towns besieged and provinces desolated, describe even the whole pageantry of coronations and festivals, but we cannot recover the genuine history of mankind. It has passed away with slight and partial notice by contemporary writers, and even most patient industry can hardly at present put together enough of the fragments to suggest a tolerably clear representation of social life."†

It is obvious that the prosperity of the lower classes must be measured by the power they possess, by their labour at any given time, over the necessities of life. This ratio has been the subject of continual fluctuation. The prices of labour, dependent on the value of money, would require a long and dry array of figures to afford any instructive comparison. Ordinary histories of England contain ample references, and such books as Sir Frederick Eden's "History of the Poor," and the publications of the Record Commission, comprise a mass of materials, embarrassing from its bulk. Recurring to the general condition of the labouring classes, we ascertain that in the days of the Plantagenets the people were deemed to be the property of the landowners and lords; and long after the right of property had legally ceased, the sentiment of ownership remained in the minds of the governing class. With regard to the former period, we cannot do better than describe it in the words of Mr. Riley, the editor of early English works relating to the City of London for the Master of the Rolls. In his introduction to the "London Chronicle," he says: "That the favoured and so-called free citizen of London even—despite the extensive privileges in reference to trade which he enjoyed—was in possession of more than the faintest shadow of liberty, can hardly be alleged, if we only call to mind the substance of the pages just submitted to the reader's notice, filled as they are with enactments and ordinances, arbitrary, illiteral, and oppressive; laws, for example, which compelled each citizen, whether he would or no, to be bail and surety for a neighbour's good behaviour, over whom perhaps it was impossible for him to exercise the slightest control; laws which forbade him to make his market for the day until the purveyors for the king and the 'great lords of the land' had stripped the stalls of all that was choicest and best; laws which forbade him to pass the city walls, for the purpose even of meeting his own purchased goods; laws which bound him to deal with certain persons or communities only, or within the precincts only of certain localities; laws which dictated, under severe penalties, what sums, and no more, he was to pay to his servants and artisans; laws which drove his dog out of the streets while they permitted 'genteel dogs' to roam at large: nay, even more than this, laws which subjected him to domiciliary

* "History of Agriculture," p. 108.
† Hallam's "Middle Ages," p. 253.

visits from the city officials on various pleas and pretexts; which compelled him to carry on a trade under heavy penalties, irrespective of the question whether or not it was at his loss; and which occasionally went so far as to lay down rules, at what hours he was to walk in the streets, and, incidentally, what he was to eat and what to drink. Viewed individually, laws and ordinances such as these may seem, perhaps, of but trifling moment; but 'trifles make life,' the poet says, and to have lived fettered by numbers of restrictions like these, must have rendered life irksome in the extreme to a sensitive man, and a burden hard to be borne."

The Norman nobility would not allow any approach by the trading classes towards their military art. When the sons of the citizens established a tournament in a field in the suburbs, where they might learn the only art then in esteem, the nobles sent their valets and grooms to disperse them, saying that skill in arms was unnecessary to rustics, and meatmen, and soap-sellers. Turning to more minute details, in 1359, we learn from Sir John Cullum's "History of Hawsted," the allowance of food to the copyholder working for his lord in harvest, was a loaf of bread, two herrings, milk for cheese, and beer. In the reign of Elizabeth, we read in Tusser, that—

"Good ploughmen look weekly, of custom and right,
For roast meat on Sundays, and Thursdays at night."

The houses of the working-classes, with their furniture and fittings, had become established in comparative comfort in Anglo-Saxon times, as we learn from illuminations in MSS. of that age, as compared with the antecedent period of barbarism. But the improvement was not progressive. There is very little difference between the interior of a labourer's cottage now and at the period when Rufus was slain in the New Forest; whilst the antecedent dry-stone hovel of the Celt and Pict now finds its exact counterpart in the wilds of Donegal, or on the coast of Achill Island. Philanthropy is awakened, and will do much good, but the wretched accommodation will continue until reformation comes from the occupants themselves. Gardens for labourers would have been well-nigh useless until the last three centuries. Garden vegetables have been on the increase since the days of Queen Elizabeth. Fresh meat has succeeded to salt; roots to rye; linen and cotton for underclothing to woollen or leather; tea and coffee to water.

We can give the picture of a house-interior from a tax valuation made at Colchester in the year 1301. A minute inventory is given of the chattels in each dwelling. We select one, tolerably well furnished for the time. It enumerates only—

	s.	d.	s.	d.
A mazer cup (wooden bowl) valued from .	2	0	to	6
A bed	1	6	"	6
A tripod	3	0	"	9
A brass pot	1	0	"	2
An andiron	0	3½	"	0
A brass dish	0	6	"	1
A gridiron	0	6	"	1
A rug	0	8	"	1

This is rather a favourable instance, as it occurs in an opulent town.

In the reign of Henry VIII we learn from Harrison that: "The breade throughout the lande is made of such graine as the soile yeldeth; nevertheless the

gentilitie commonlie provide themselves sufficientlie of wheate for their owne tables, whilst their householde and poore neighbours in some shires are inforced to content themselves with rie or barlie; yea, and in time of dearthe, manie with bread made either of beans, peason, or otes, or of all together, and some acorns among."

Sir Frederick Eden, writing of the husbandmen of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, says: "A few fish, principally herrings, a loaf of bread and some beer, constituted the meal of the mower and reaper. The lord's best sheep, and the cheese which it is said they were entitled to at the end of the harvest, it is probable formed the chief articles of that ancient rural feast called the harvest-home, and appear to me to be a proof that meat and cheese were considered more as rarities than the ordinary articles of consumption of the labourer."

In the year 1602, Mr. Carew, of Anthony, published his survey of Cornwall, in which he gives an account of the social condition of the labourers of his day: "These, in times not past the remembrance of some yet living, rubbed forth their estate in the poorest plight, their grounds lay all in common, or onely diuided by stich-meale: little bread-corne: their drinke, water, or at best, but whey: for the richest farmour in a parish brewed not aboue twyce a yeare, and then, God wotte what liquor: their meat, Whitsull, as they call it, namely, milke, sowre milke, cheese, curds, butter, and such like as came from the cow and ewe, who were tyed by the one legge at pasture: their apparell, course in matter, ill shapen in maner: their legges and feet naked and bare, to which sundrie old folke had so accustomed their youth, that they could hardly abide to weare any shooes; complainyng how it kept them ouer hote. Their horses shod onlie before, and for all furniture a pad and halter, on which the meaner countrie wenches of the westerne parts doe yet ride astride, as all other English folke vsed before R. the 2^d wife brought in the side-saddle fashion of straw. Suteable hereunto was their dwelling, and to that their implements of houshold: Walles of earth, low thatched roofes, few partitions, no planchings or glasse windows, and scarcely any chimnies, other then a hole in the wall to let out the smoke; their bed straw and a blanket: as for sheets, so much linen cloth had not yet stepped ouer the narrow channell, betweene them and Brittain. To conclude, a mazer and a panne or two, comprised all their substance."

After all, how little do we know of the circumstances of our fellow-creatures. The long procession has passed over the stage and disappeared in the darkness. The great concern at present displayed respecting the dwellings of the labouring classes, appears to be a feeling wholly of modern growth. It is partly because all memorials of the working classes in ancient days have completely vanished from history, that we have so inadequate a conviction of their importance. We regard them in the mass, and are lost as we attempt to individualise them in their joys and sorrows, their work and suffering, their hopes and destinies. Man being his brother's keeper, it is appalling to think of the amount of responsibility that rests somewhere for their imperfect lot. One of the most satisfactory manifestations of the spirit of modern times, is the resolve that this shall no longer remain unacknowledged and undischarged. Hitherto, independently of the interest

which Christianity is bound to extend to every man, we have been too prone to regard them as a mere mass of machinery, in their labour continually needing repair and replacement, but in their leisure, well described by Socrates, "as slaves, who, like sheep, lie asleep at noon about the fountain."

MOSLEM SCHOOLS.

MR. GOODALL'S picture of the School of Sooltan Hassan, at Cairo, and our other engraving of a scene at Constantinople, from Sir Richard Wallace's Collection, have a special interest in these days of educational reform. While we were still engaged in the discussions which preceded the introduction of Mr. Forster's Elementary Education Act, the Turkish Government, with the celerity which belongs to a despotic power, decreed compulsory education for girls between the age of six and ten, and for boys from six to eleven, and the magistrates of every town and village were required to keep a register of children, subject to the directions of an Imperial Council; but in the East it is one thing to enact, and another to perform, and our tardier school boards are as yet in no danger of being outstepped. While they are still debating the best forms of procedure, the following extract from Mr. Lane's "Modern Egyptians" (Murray) will be read with the liveliest interest, as descriptive of Egyptian schools:—

Mohammedan parents seldom devote much time or attention to the intellectual education of their children; generally contenting themselves with instilling into their young minds a few principles of religion, and then submitting them, if they can afford to do so, to the instruction of a schoolmaster. As early as possible, the child is taught to say, "I testify that there is no deity but God; and I testify that Mohammed is God's Apostle." He receives also lessons of religious pride, and learns to hate the Christians, and all other sects but his own, as thoroughly as does the Moslem in advanced age. Most of the children of the higher and middle classes, and some of those of the lower orders, are taught by the schoolmaster to read, and to recite and chant the whole or certain portions of the Koran by memory. They afterwards learn the most common rules of arithmetic.

Schools are very numerous, not only in the metropolis, but in every large town; and there is one, at least, in every considerable village. Almost every mosque, "sebeel" (or public fountain), and "hód" (or drinking-place for cattle) in the metropolis has a "kuttáb" (or school) attached to it, in which children are instructed for a very trifling expense; the "sheykh" or "fíkee" (the master of the school) receiving from the parent of each pupil half a piaster (about five farthings of our money), or something more or less, every Thursday. The master of a school attached to a mosque or other public building in Cairo also generally receives yearly a tarboosh, a piece of white muslin for a turban, a piece of linen, and a pair of shoes; and each boy receives, at the same time, a linen skull-cap, four or five cubits of cotton cloth, and perhaps half a piece (ten or twelve cubits) of linen, and a pair of shoes, and, in some cases, half a piaster or a piaster. These presents are supplied by funds bequeathed to the school, and are given in the

month of Ramadán. The boys attend only during the hours of instruction, and then return to their homes. The lessons are generally written upon tablets of wood, painted white; and when one lesson is learnt, the tablet is washed and another is written. They also practise writing upon the same tablet. The schoolmaster and his pupils sit upon the ground, and each boy has his tablet in his hands, or a copy of the Koran, or of one of its thirty sections, on a little kind of desk of palm-sticks. All the boys, in learning to read, recite or chant their lessons aloud, at the same time rocking their heads or bodies incessantly backwards and forwards; which practice is observed by almost all persons in reciting the Koran, being thought to assist the memory. The noise may be imagined.

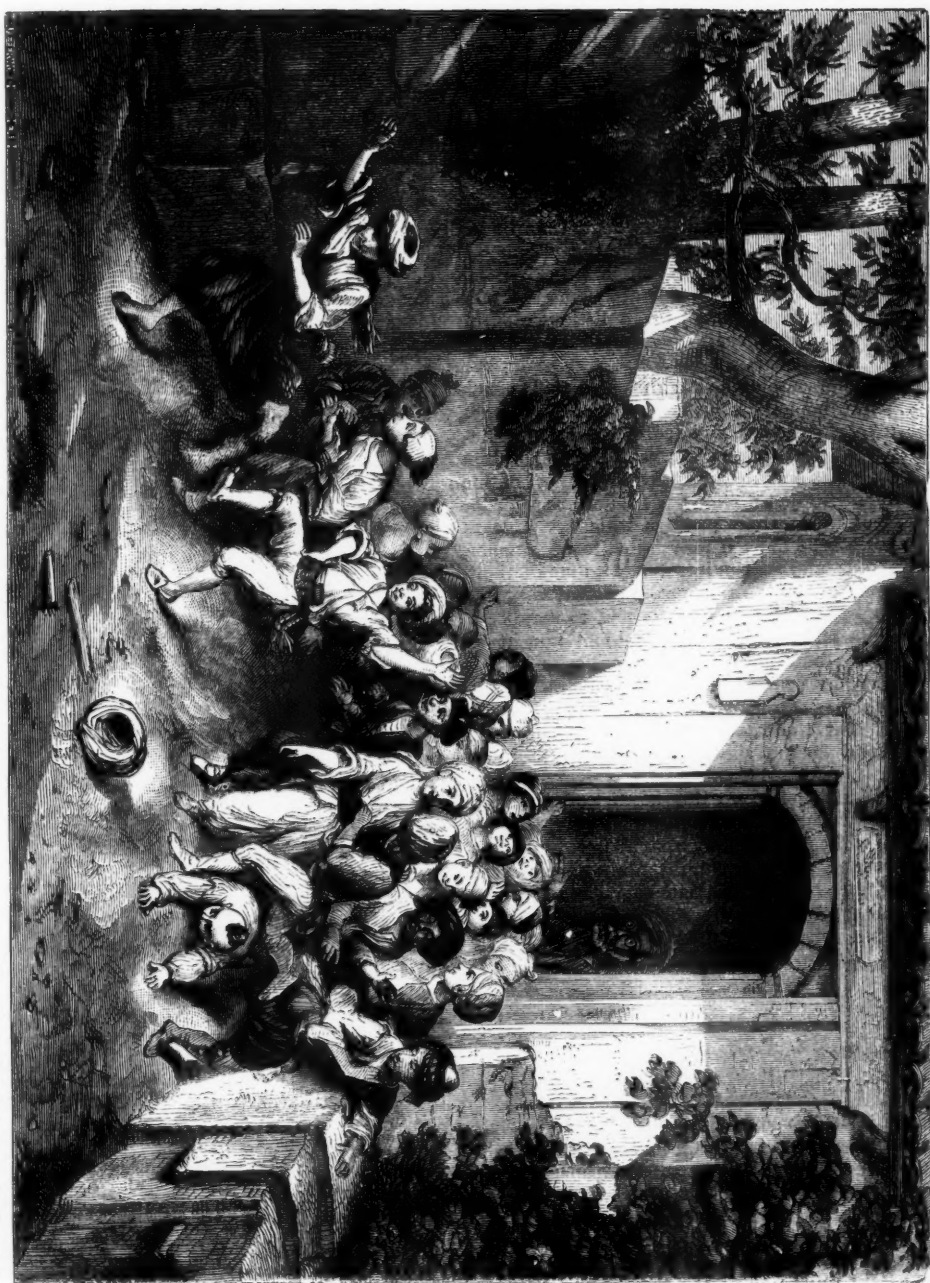
The boys first learn the letters of the alphabet; next, the vowel-points and other syllabical signs; and then, the numerical value of each letter of the alphabet. Previously to this third stage of the pupil's progress, it is customary for the master to ornament the tablet with black and red ink, and green paint, and to write upon it the letters of the alphabet in the order of their respective numerical values, and convey it to the father, who returns it with a piaster or two placed upon it. The like is also done at several subsequent stages of the boy's progress, as when he begins to learn the Koran, and six or seven times as he proceeds in learning the sacred book; each time the next lesson being written on the tablet. When he has become acquainted with the numerical values of the letters, the master writes for him some simple words, as the names of men; then, the ninety-nine names or epithets of God: next, the Fát'hah (or opening chapter of the Koran) is written upon his tablet, and he reads it repeatedly until he has perfectly committed it to memory. He then proceeds to learn the other chapters of the Koran: after the first chapter he learns the last; then the last but one; next the last but two, and so on, in inverted order, ending with the second; as the chapters in general successively decrease in length from the second to the last inclusively. It is seldom that the master of a school teaches writing; and few boys learn to write unless destined for some employment which absolutely requires that they should do so; in which latter case they are generally taught the art of writing, and likewise arithmetic, by a "kabbáneé," who is a person employed to weigh goods in a market or bázár, with the steelyard. Those who are to devote themselves to religion, or to any of the learned professions, mostly pursue a regular course of study in the great mosque El-Azhar.

The schoolmasters in Egypt are mostly persons of very little learning: few of them are acquainted with any writings except the Koran, and certain prayers, which, as well as the contents of the sacred volume, they are hired to recite on particular occasions. I was lately told of a man who could neither read nor write succeeding to the office of a schoolmaster in my neighbourhood. Being able to recite the whole of the Koran, he could hear the boys repeat their lessons: to write them, he employed the "areef" (or head-boy and monitor in the school), pretending that his eyes were weak. A few days after he had taken upon himself this office, a poor woman brought a letter for him to read to her from her son, who had gone on pilgrimage. The fíkee pretended to read it, but said nothing; and the

Alexandre Gabriel Decamps.]

YOUNG TURKS LET OUT OF SCHOOL.

[From the Wallace Collection. By Permission.]



woman, inferring from his silence that the letter contained bad news, said to him, "Shall I shriek?" He answered, "Yes." "Shall I tear my clothes?" she asked; he replied, "Yes." So the poor woman returned to her house, and with her assembled friends performed the lamentation and other ceremonies usual on the occasion of a death. Not many days after this, her son arrived, and she asked him what he could mean by causing a letter to be written stating that he was dead. He explained the contents of the letter, and she went to the school-master and begged him to inform her why he had told her to shriek and to tear her clothes, since the letter was to inform her that her son was well, and he was now arrived at home. Not at all abashed, he said, "God knows futurity. How could I know that your son would arrive in safety? It was better that you should think him dead than be led to expect to see him and perhaps be disappointed." Some persons who were sitting with him praised his wisdom, exclaiming, "Truly, our new fikee is a man of unusual judgment!" and, for a little while, he found that he had raised his reputation by this blunder.

Some parents employ a sheykh or fikee to teach their boys at home. The father usually teaches his son to perform the "wudoó," and other ablutions, and to say his prayers, and instructs him in other religious and moral duties to the best of his ability. The Prophet directed his followers to order their children to say their prayers when seven years of age, and to beat them if they failed to do so when ten years old; and at the latter age to make them sleep in separate beds: in Egypt, however, very few persons pray before they have attained to manhood.

The female children are very seldom taught to read or write; and not many of them, even among the higher orders, learn to say their prayers. Some of the rich engage a "sheykhah" (or learned woman) to visit the hareem daily; to teach their daughters and female slaves to say their prayers, and to recite a few chapters of the Koran; and sometimes to instruct them in reading and writing; but these are very rare accomplishments for females even of the highest class in Egypt. There are many schools in which girls are taught plain needlework, embroidery, etc. In families in easy circumstances a "m'allimeh," or female teacher of such kinds of work, is often engaged to attend the girls at their own home.

DREAMS AND DREAMING.

IX.—SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS, OR DAY DREAMS—(continued).

PERSONS suffering from remorse or labouring under a sense of guilt, will hear reproachful voices and see fearful visions. Shakespeare, the wisest observer of mankind, revived the apparitions of his murdered victims to Richard of Gloucester on the night before he met his fate at Bosworth Field. The solitary hours of Charles IX. were made intolerable by the constant repetition of the shrieks and agonies which had assailed his ears during the frightful massacre of Saint Bartholomew. Terror has produced similar impressions on the timid; many witnesses, eminently trustworthy, who survived the horrors of the Irish rebellion of 1641, solemnly deposed to meeting the apparitions of persons who had been murdered

rising and walking on the surface of the waters.* Sense of deep responsibility has affected a sensitive and nervous temperament: the accoucheur on whom the duty devolved of attending the Princess Charlotte of Wales in her fatal confinement, fancied, while he hurried to his royal patient, that her figure in white preceded his carriage as it passed through the streets—a sad presage of the calamity that awaited "the fair-haired daughter of the Isles." The following instance of the effect of remorse upon the mind of an assassin was related by Coleridge to Washington Irving, who recast the story into a fictitious shape in his "Tales of a Traveller," without mentioning the source from which he derived it.

"A stranger came recommended to a merchant's house at Lubeck. He was hospitably received; but, the house being full, he was lodged at night in an apartment handsomely furnished, but not often used. There was nothing that struck him particularly in the room when left alone, till he happened to cast his eyes on a picture, which immediately arrested his attention. It was a single head; but there was something so uncommon, so terrible and unearthly in its expression, though by no means ugly, that he found himself irresistibly attracted to look at it. In fact, he could not tear himself from the fascination of this portrait, till his imagination was filled by it, and his rest broken. He retired to bed, slept, and awoke from time to time with the head glaring on him. In the morning his host saw by his looks that he had slept ill, and inquired the cause, which was told. The master of the house was much vexed, and said that the picture ought to have been removed, that it was an oversight, and that it always was removed when the chamber was used. The picture, he said, was indeed terrible to every one; but it was so fine, and had come into the family in so curious a way, that he could not make up his mind to part with it, or to destroy it. The story of it was this:—'My father,' said he, 'was at Hamburg on business, and whilst dining at a coffee-house he observed a young man of remarkable appearance enter, seat himself alone in a corner, and commence a solitary meal. His countenance bespoke the extreme of mental distress, and every now and then he would turn his head quickly round, as if he heard something, then shudder, grow pale, and go on with his meal after an effort as before. My father saw this man at the same place for two or three successive days, and at length became so much interested about him that he spoke to him. The address was not repulsed, and the stranger seemed to find some

* In the appendix to Lord Nugent's "Memorials of John Hampden," there is reprinted a scarce tract from Staunton's collection. It is a story of spectral illusion on the grandest scale—certifying to appearances in the air, often repeated in the presence of crowds of spectators, who testified to witnessing the battle of Edge Hill fought over again and again by the contending armies, with all the noise and tumult and terrible incidents of the slaughter. Lord Nugent gives the following comment:—"Here is a ghost story of the most preposterous sort. Two great armies of ghosts, for the mere purpose, as it seems, of making night hideous to the scared townsmen of Kineton, fighting over again the battle of Edge Hill, which had been decided more than two months before. Yet is this story attested upon the oath of three officers, men of honour and discretion, and of three other gentlemen of credit, selected by the king as commissioners to report upon these prodigies, and to tranquillise and disabuse the alarms of a country town; adding, moreover, in confirmation, their testimony to the identity of several of the illustrious dead, as seen among the unearthly combatants, who had been well known to them, and who had fallen in the battle. A well-supported imposture, or a stormy night on the hill-side, might have acted on the weakness of a peasantry in whose remembrance the terrors of the Edge Hill fight were still fresh; but it is difficult to imagine how the minds of officers, sent there to correct illusion, could have been imposed upon. It is a pure, inexplicable working of fancy upon the minds of shrewd and well-educated men, in support of the superstitions of timid and vulgar ones, who had, for several nights, been brought to consent to the same belief. The solution of it must be left to the ingenuity of the reader."

comfort in the tone of sympathy and kindness which my father used. He was an Italian, well-informed, poor, but not destitute, and living economically upon the profits of his art as a painter. The intimacy increased; and at length the Italian, seeing my father's involuntary emotion at his convulsive turnings and shudderings, which continued as formerly, interrupting the conversation from time to time, told him his story. He was a native of Rome, and had lived in some familiarity with, and been much patronised by, a young nobleman; but upon some slight occasion they had fallen out, and his patron, besides using many reproachful expressions, had struck him. The painter brooded over the disgrace of the blow. He could not challenge the nobleman on account of his rank; he therefore waited for an opportunity, and assassinated him. Of course he fled from his country, and finally had reached Hamburg. He had not, however, passed many weeks from the night of the murder, before, one day, in the crowded street, he heard his name called by a voice familiar to him; he turned short round, and saw the face of his victim looking at him with a fixed eye. From that moment he had no peace: at all hours, in all places, and amidst all companies, however engaged he might be, he heard the voice, and could never help looking round; and whenever he so looked round, he always encountered the same face staring close upon him. At last, in a mood of desperation, he had fixed himself face to face, and eye to eye, and deliberately drawn the phantom visage as it glared upon him; and *this* was the picture so drawn. The Italian said he had struggled long, but life was a burden which he could now no longer bear; and he was resolved, when he had saved money enough to return to Rome, to surrender himself to justice, and expiate his crime upon the scaffold. He gave the finished picture to my father, in return for the kindness he had shown him."

Dr. Macnish relates, from his personal experience, as follows:—"During an attack of fever, accompanied with violent action in the brain, I experienced illusions of a very peculiar kind. They did not appear, except when the eyes were shut or the room perfectly dark; and this was one of the most distressing things connected with my illness; for it obliged me either to keep my eyes open, or to admit more light into the chamber than they could well tolerate. I had the consciousness of shining and hideous faces grinning at me in the midst of profound darkness, from which they glared forth in horrid and diabolical relief. They were never stationary, but kept moving in the gloomy background; sometimes they approached within an inch or two of my face; at other times they receded several feet or yards from it. They would frequently break into fragments, which after floating about would unite—portions of one face coalescing with those of another, and thus forming still more uncouth and abominable images. The only way I could get rid of those phantoms was by admitting more light into the chamber and opening the eyes, when they instantly vanished; but only to reappear when the room was darkened or the eyes closed. One night, when the fever was at its height, I had a splendid vision of a theatre, in the arena of which Ducrow, the celebrated equestrian, was performing. On this occasion I had no consciousness of a dark background like to that on which the monstrous images floated; but everything was gay, bright,

and beautiful. I was broad awake, my eyes were closed, and yet I saw with perfect distinctness the whole scene going on in the theatre—Ducrow performing his wonders of horsemanship—and the assembled multitude, among whom I recognised several intimate friends; in short, the whole process of the entertainment as clearly as if I were present at it. When I opened my eyes the whole scene vanished like the enchanted palace of the necromancer; when I closed them it as instantly returned. But though I could thus dissipate the spectacle, I found it impossible to get rid of the accompanying music. This was the grand march in the opera of 'Aladdin,' and was performed by the orchestra with more superb and imposing effect, and with greater loudness, than I had ever heard it before: it was executed, indeed, with tremendous energy. This air I tried every effort to dissipate, by forcibly endeavouring to call other tunes to mind, but it was in vain. However completely the vision might be dispelled, the music continued in spite of every effort to banish it. During the whole of this singular state I was perfectly aware of the illisiveness of my feelings, and though labouring under violent headache, could not help speculating upon them, and endeavouring to trace them to their proper cause. This theatrical vision continued for about five hours; the previous delusions for a couple of days."

The following remarkable instance of spectral illusion is related by a gentleman who was intimately connected with the parties concerned. Though committed to writing nearly forty years ago, it has never been made public. The reader who has attentively followed us thus far will perhaps see that there are really no grounds for supposing that it is not explainable on principles which have been referred to in preceding papers.

"In the summer of 1832," says the narrator, "I was living in a picturesque hamlet in the west of England. In the same hamlet, and at the distance of some third of a mile from my home, an old school-mate, who had lately married a charming young Welsh lass, had settled down in a neat cottage, to which was attached an ample garden stocked with flowers and shrubs, in which the young wife delighted to pass much of her time. During a good part of the summer two younger sisters of the wife had been visiting at the cottage, and in September (the first week, if I am not mistaken) their father had arrived at the hamlet to fetch them, and after remaining a few days had returned with them to South Wales—the whole party being then to all appearance in the enjoyment of their usual good health. A few days after the departure of his guests, I went to call on my friend between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, and I expected to find him, as the day was warm and sunny, indulging in his after-breakfast custom of smoking a cigar in the arbour. There were two doors to the large garden, which was enclosed with a high wall, besides the entrances to it from the house. One door was at the left, close to the house, and the other, which opened on the common, was in the end wall and near the arbour. My nearest way, through fields, led to the latter entrance, and I opened it and went in without any ceremony, as was my custom. Instead of my friend sitting in the arbour, I found his young wife, pale, bewildered, and alarmed, and with difficulty supporting herself in the rustic seat. On seeing me she partially recovered herself, and asked me eagerly if I had seen her father.

"Not since Tuesday morning," I replied, "when he left with your sisters."

"He is here," she returned; "I am sure he is here, and yet I cannot find him anywhere."

"What do you mean?" said I; "I do not understand you. Mr. Morgan would hardly have come here. You know he has to start to-day for Gloucester."

"I tell you he is here. I saw him, and he spoke to me, not a quarter of an hour ago, here in the garden. What shall I do? Where can he be? Father! Father!" and she cried out loudly and repeatedly, as if sure he would reply.

"Seeing that she was much distressed, I strove to pacify her; but I hardly knew what to suggest. 'If your father is here,' I said, 'we shall soon find him. He would come in at the front door, and the servant must have let him in. Let us hear what she has to say.'

"She is gone over to Russell's with my husband, to bring back some plants he has bought. There is no one at home but myself."

"Then who could have let your father in?"

"No one; he came in at the side door, and called me by my name. 'Ellen, Ellen!' he said twice. I was tying up those carnations when I heard his voice. I looked up and caught his eye, and ran round the path to meet him. I saw him as plainly as I see you now all the way, until I came to the filberts yonder, which hid him from my sight; and when I had passed them he was not there, and I cannot find him anywhere."

"Have you looked in the house?"

"I have searched every room and every closet in the house, and all parts of the garden. Oh, what can it mean?"

"It is fancy," said I, "depend upon it; you have been left here by yourself, and you have had a nervous fit of some kind."

"She smiled in a sad, pleading way, and then burst into tears, which seemed to bring her relief. After awhile she rose and led the way to the drawing-room, whence she retired to her chamber. In a few minutes her husband and the maid-servant returned, when I drew him aside, and acquainted him with what had happened. He made rather light of it, saying she was delicate and rather nervous, and attributed her alarm to fancy or imagination; but he went immediately to her, while I, bidding him good-day, returned homewards."

"On the following morning, as soon as I had breakfasted, I set off for the cottage, under the influence of feelings I was half ashamed to entertain. I tried the lower entrance of the garden, as usual, but it was locked fast, and going round to the front of the house, I knocked at the door. E— himself opened it, and I saw at once by his looks that he had received a severe shock. Ellen had not risen, and he said she was sleeping after a long wakeful night. To prevent her being alarmed by the loud knock of the postman, if he should call (he generally came before eight in the morning), E— had himself waylaid him, and received a letter, which lay open on the table. Its contents had fairly staggered him. Mr. Morgan, his wife's father, had been seized with a fit while dressing for a journey about six in the morning, and, after lying for some hours insensible, had died at a quarter past nine—the exact time of the mysterious occurrence in the garden."

"The fatal news had, of course, to be made known, and it was communicated with all possible care and gentleness. To the husband's astonishment, it created but little surprise. Ellen said she was sure of it from the first; but, happily for herself and her husband, she did not forebode any evil to herself. She had been her father's favourite child; she had loved him dearly, and she mourned his loss sincerely."

To the Cuckoo.*



BROWN, black, gay, gloomy, well-known stranger Bird!
With voice sepulchral, yet seraphic too;
Of all the rare, familiar notes I've heard,
None charms, or teases me, like your "Cuckoo!"

"Cuckoo!" "Cuckoo!" "Cuckoo!"—you say, or sing:
For once explain your monologue, I pray:
Is it the birthday song of cheerful Spring?
Or funeral dirge o'er Winter's dying day?

Mysterious one! Say—do you come from far?
Or were you born next field, a year ago?
Do you speak English, French, or Malabar?
Scotch, Welsh, or Irish? when you call "Cuckoo!"

Is it a *noun*? Dame Nature's name for Spring?
An *adjective*—of ugliness? or grace?
A *pronoun*—substituting some queer thing?
Or new *conjunction*—in appropriate place?

Is it an *interjection*—of surprise?
At Nature's wonders, everywhere in view?
Does earth, or air, or sea, or do the skies
Most interest you, when you say, "Cuckoo!"

Or utter you a *verb*? which bids folks do,
Or be, or suffer, some mysterious thing?
Then, tell its voice, mood, tense, and person true,
And let us learn our lessons in the Spring.

Is it a *preposition*? you employ,
What case it governs? name, or give some clue:
Is it an *adverb*? tell us to our joy,
To what verb we may join this said "Cuckoo!"

* Abridged from a poem by the Rev. Thomas Mann, West Cowes, Isle of Wight

But—true with grammar :—tell me : I insist !

What is your *character* ? I want to know :

Say, shall I call you earth's chief egotist,
Or modesty's meet emblem here below ?

Your *offspring* ! too ? Oh ! people say sad things, —

But people sometimes say what is not true :

Are you, indeed, the basest bird that sings ?

A wretch that hates its young, and cries "Cuckoo !"

Mayhap, you fondly place your little folk

At *boarding school*, to be discreetly trained,

E'en from the moment when they leave the yolk,

Till perfect Cuckoo-hood they have attained ?

Do you indulge a *gadding* parent's crimes ?

Or does imperfect health distress you so—

That, *travelling*, you must vary scenes and climes,

Though, sobbing for your young, you sigh "Cuckoo !"

Can it be *craft* ? that taxes other folks

To lodge and feed your little ones for nought ?

Or *patience* ? meekly braving saddest strokes,

And placidly submitting as it ought ?

You stole, and ate, the wagtail's eggs ! you know !

Were yours deposited for breakfast too ?

Was it e'en *penitence* that bade you so

Compensate theft by leaving young "Cuckoo" ?

Or was it *magnanimity* inspired

Your breast with purpose of unwonted grace ?

And delicately left its own admired

For half a dozen of inferior race ?

Are you *without a home* ? or do you find

All lands, alike, fit "habitats" for you ?

Is it from *joy*, or *grief*, you are inclined,

Whitherso'er you fly, to say "Cuckoo" ?

Where is your *next appointment* ? Will you go

East, West, North, South ? Tell me, may I go too ?

Where Spring will be, you have the knack to know ;—

Tell me your secret, and I'll sing "Cuckoo !"

Your tours through many lands this world to see,

Might fit a travelling tutor for his arts ;

Pray tell what your accomplishments may be,

Your "various learning gained in foreign parts !"

'Mong us, great travellers are sometimes wise,—

They're always knowing—is it so with you ?

You've seen strange things (careering through the skies),

Have you learn'd nothing yet but that "Cuckoo" ?

I fear you're but a superficial thing,

Peeping at all lands, well considering none ;

Attracted by the novelties of Spring—

Before its charms have ripen'd, lost, or gone.

What makes you in such haste to quit our land ?

Why can't you stay ? at least the Summer through,

You leave ere best fruits grow, or flow'rs expand,

And though you've not seen half, call out "Cuckoo !"

Have you done something wrong ? and must you roam ?—

From place to place, evading Cuckoo law ?

Do you not *dare* to call one house your home ?

For ever dreading feather'd-sheriff's claw.

If "mum's the word !" be silent, silly bird,

And don't, when travelling, make such ado,

Lest when your well-known voice, by foes, be heard,

The officer should trace your track, Cuckoo !

Yet, in sage seriousness, I would not blame

Your present song—whate'er I speak in play :

It has its meaning, its intended aim,

And dear, oh, very dear, is your loved lay.

Talk as we will, and analyse, and pause,

And wonder what's the use of things like you ;

There is a charm, by glorious Nature's laws,

In your yet uninterpreted "Cuckoo !"

Whene'er you visit Britain's shores again,

Pray do not shun the pretty Isle of Wight ;

A heartier welcome you might seek in vain,

Than that with which we'll greet your coming flight.

"Good-bye !" "good-bye !" I wish you pleasant trips

Where'er you fly, may you find "skies of blue !"

Although this parting verdict 'scape my lips,

INCOMPREHENSIBLE, writ short, might mean "Cuckoo"

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—IN BLACK.

I AM very fond of walking. I do not mean that I find any particular pleasure in putting one foot before another ; but I delight in a good breather up a mountain path, stopping now and then to look back upon the fields and hedges, the villages and country seats, the river glistening in the sunshine, and the shadows of the clouds sweeping across the plain below. I would rather, as a rule, make a three days' walk from one place to another on foot than a three hours' run over the same distance by express. There used to be, many years ago, in London, a "walking club," the members of which would meet once a day at some country town from twenty to twenty-five miles distant from the metropolis to dine together, being pledged to make their way down on foot, refusing even the offer of a lift by the way, and returning home in the same manner on the following morning. I dare say the return journey was often more difficult and fatiguing than the journey down ; but I think I could have walked with them and dined with them too, three times a week at least, especially with good company upon the road to make the way seem shorter. I have walked through most of the picturesque scenery in England, never troubling myself about the accommodation I might meet with at night, but halting at the first wholesome-looking roadside inn that came in view towards sundown ; but I confess I do not like walking alone. Of course I have met with many adventures, some very agreeable, and others quite the contrary ; but even variety itself is pleasing.

Some years ago I walked a dozen miles or more in company with a chimney-sweep. I overtook him on my way to Sittingbourne from London, and he quickened his pace to keep up with me, being fond of good society, as he was kind enough to tell me. It began to rain soon after we joined company, and poured incessantly till we arrived at Rochester, the end of his journey and my resting-place for the night. It was curious to watch the effect of this continual downpour upon the face and garments of my fellow-traveller. At first he was black all over, after his kind, for though his face and hands had

undergone some cleansing they were still smudged and dusky, and his teeth and the whites of his large eyes shone forth in contrast. After about an hour he became patchy, then striped, then generally faded and washed out. I had always fancied, I know not why, that people of his calling dressed themselves purposely, and, as I may say, professionally, in black; but now I saw traces of colour in his waistcoat, and some faint vestiges of original buff in his fustian jacket; and after a time some bird's-eyes became distinctly visible upon the handkerchief about his neck.

"I hope you aren't ashamed to walk along with me," said he, when I first overtook him, thinking, not perhaps without some reason, that I was endeavouring to give him the go-by.

"Oh no," I said, slackening my pace; "I'm very glad of your company."

"Because you know, sir, colour isn't everything; and black's always respectable, not to say genteel. And then again, am I not a man and a brother, and aren't you the same, only another?"

There was no disputing that, and as the poor fellow did not expect me to fall upon his neck, nor even to grasp his hand in token of our common brotherhood, I expressed my approval of the sentiment.

"Have you walked from London?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied; "the diocese of London, that's where I fishiate." He laughed as he said this; it was evidently a good joke with him, and an old one. "They call us parsons, you know, sir, because of our black coats; that's about the only likeness there is, as I can see, and I'm not so particular fond of the colour neither. Yes, I've walked from London, and I'm going as far as Rochester; I've got an uncle lives at Rochester, and he was very kind to me when I was a orphan, and brought me up. I wish he could have found a nicer business for me; but he did the best he could, for he couldn't raise money for a premium. I've often thought," he continued, after a pause, "as I should like to change my line; and I've been educating myself and getting as much learning as I can at our night-school, hoping I may have a chance some day. Sweeping's a dirty business, if you'd try it—although it's true we makes clean money by it. I hope you don't object to a bit of poetry, sir; it's a thing I'm very fond of myself, and it seems to come to me of its own accord—quite natural."

"Just so," I answered; "*Poeta nascitur*, you know, *non fit*."

"Nastier?" he exclaimed; "well, it can't be much nastier than sweeping, anyhow, and it fits me better than anything else, a'most; but if you don't like it—"

I hastened to explain.

"All right," he answered; "but if that's Latin, hope I shall never go where they speak it, for they ought to know better. A *dead language*, is it? then it's a pity it isn't buried as well. I do love a bit of poetry. I had a very unkind master when I was a boy, and I used to be cuffed and chieved and knocked about all day, and never knowed a kind word but what I invented for myself; and if it hadn't been for the rhymes and stories I was continually making up, all out of my own head, I don't know how I should have got along at all. I had plenty of time, too, in the long winter evenings; for I was sent to lodge with an old blind man who wasn't

so particular about colour as most folks, and he was one as didn't see the good of candles, and wouldn't never have one in his house. So I had to go to bed as soon as it was dark, and I used to lie there thinking to myself and making up melancholy adventures, and crying over them as if they were all true, and that was a precious consolation to me, that was."

"And now you are going to see your uncle, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, that's the truth; but," he added, after a pause, "it's not the whole truth."

"Perhaps there's a sweetheart in the case?"

He made no reply, but sighed.

"You seem out of spirits."

"And good cause too, sir. I'll tell you how it is. I never meant to have come this way again since last time—that was nearly a year ago—until I had got a new rig-out. I've been only a few months out of my time, and have had very little chance of saving anything as yet; but I had a letter this morning which ought to have been delivered sooner, according to the date, to say poor Uncle Sykes was very ill, and 'Arriatann thought I had best come and see him, and the sooner the better."

"And who is Harriet Ann?"

"That's her that lives next door and comes in to see to Uncle Sykes and do for him; and very kind she is to him; there isn't many who would do what she does. She and I was little uns together, and was always very good companions. She cried for a week almost when she heard the business I was to be put to, and she begged and prayed old uncle not to let me go; but it was the only chance he had; and they told him then there was chimney-sweeps and dust-contractors in London as made their fortunes, and rolled in their carriages and four; he did it all for the best. I mean to change my line, though, as soon as I can get a chance."

"I am not surprised that she dislikes it."

"Ah, sir! you've hit it now; that's just the worst of it; she's never been the same since I was put to sweeping. Not but what she's just as kind and all that as ever she used to be; but still there's a difference as I can see and feel. I don't believe she thinks a bit the worse of me for being a sweep; but she doesn't seem as if she would walk with me, nor keep company as we always meant to do, when we was younger; and I don't feel as if I had the spirit to make up to her, such a object as I am. But this is Rochester, and here's where I turn off, for she lives this side of the town; and I hope I shall find poor uncle better; so good morning, sir, unless you'll step as far as the house with me and see how he's getting on?"

"I should like to do that," I said; and we turned down a side lane together, and arrived in a few minutes at a group of small cottages, at one of which my companion stopped, lifted the latch, and entered.

Uncle Sykes was evidently better, sitting in his arm-chair before the fire.

"John," he cried, "is that you? I'm glad to see you, that I am. I didn't think, a day or two ago, as ever I should set eyes on you again."

"How are you, uncle?"

"Oh, I'm a deal better; I shall be all right again after a bit, please God. They thought it was a stroke at first; but I soon began to come round, and it turned out to be only an apoplexy fit. So 'Arriatann wrote again yesterday to say you needn't hurry.

Why,
and a
sir, do
"A
round
might
glanc
"S
was
brigh
from
black
from
part
head
and e
tural
a litt
but w
void
the y
play
say t
head
a ger
"I
him a
wet
after
that
three
thoug
now
you m
I'm
nothin
"I
choly
and I
'Jac
now
'Arri
and
chan
Sh
cloth
seem
head
turn
fore
their
lips
whic
fell
SH
few
six y
cept
from
knuc
wide
"th
him,
bett
"a
"a
abou

Why, I say, Jack, you be pretty well weather-bouted! and so is the gentleman too. Come near the fire, sir, do-ee."

"Are you all alone here?" said Jack, looking round the room, which was not so large but that he might have taken in all the occupants of it at a glance.

"She'll be in directly, I'll be bound." While he was speaking the latch was gently raised, and a bright-looking girl, who might have been any age from fifteen to five-and-twenty, entered. She had a black straw hat placed carelessly upon her head, from beneath which her long flaxen hair was neatly parted and laid on each side of her clear white forehead. Her cheeks were rather ruddy; her step light and elastic, and all her movements graceful and natural. She was a fine example of England's peasantry, a little refined, perhaps, by contact with townspeople, but without a particle of affectation, and entirely devoid of that conceit and freedom of manner by which the young women of the present day are apt to display their gentility; in proof of which I need only say that when she saw me she did not thrust out her head at me, nor bend, nor move to me, but dropped a genuine curtsy in the good old-fashioned style.

"Ha, John!" she cried, holding out her hand to him and running towards him, "here you are; and wet through! I'm so glad you're come; but"—after a pause—"Uncle Sykes is a deal better, and that's a good job too. He was so bad for two or three days we thought he should have died; and I thought I'd better write and let you know; and now I wish I hadn't. But sit down, Mr. Shadey, for you must be tired, and dry yourself before the fire. I'm sorry you're come now, in the rain, and all for nothing."

"Never mind me," said Shadey, with a melancholy shake of the head; "if you're glad, so am I; and if you're sorry, I'm sorry too. But I used to be 'Jack' once upon a time; then it came to 'John'; and now it's 'Mr. Shadey.' But bless you all the same, 'Arriatann, and you'll always be 'Arriatann to me and nothing else; and some day, perhaps, when I've changed my line, it will be 'Jack' over again."

She made no reply, but busied herself in laying a cloth and putting out some cups and saucers. She seemed to be a long while selecting these, with her head half-buried in the cupboard, and when she turned to us again her cheeks were redder than before and her eyes moister. I was invited to share their meal, and was just lifting a cup of tea to my lips when it was dashed out of my hands by a stone which came through the window, and cup and saucer fell upon the floor in fragments.

Shadey disappeared instantly, and returned after a few seconds dragging in a ragged, dirty urchin about six years of age, barefooted and bareheaded too, except for six years' growth of hair which stood out from his head, coarse, grimy, and tangled: his knuckles were thrust into his eyes, and his mouth wide open and bawling.

"You a' done!" he roared, "it wasn't me as shied it; 'twere Bill! Let me go, I tell ye."

"It's one of the Griffinhoofs," said Harriet Ann; "they're always after some mischief. Don't hurt him, Jack—John, I mean; he doesn't know any better."

"Where does he live?" said Shadey.

"Down our court," said the urchin, wriggling about in vain efforts to escape; "you a' done!"

"Why did you throw that stone?"

"I never throwed a stone—it 'twasn't me."

"It's no use, Mr. Shadey, he'll only go on denying it; if it wasn't him it was his brother. There are three of them, poor things, two boys and a girl; and they're brought up more like pigs and heathens than human creatures. Better let him go this time, if he'll promise—"

"I'll never do it again. I'll never lift a stone again; I didn't go for to do it; and it wasn't me."

"Three lies in a breath," said Shadey, giving him a good shaking and then putting him out at the door. The little rascal scampered off to a safe distance, and then poured forth a volley of abuse mingled with laughter.

"Who is that little wretch?" I asked; "I'll go and speak to his parents, or to the police."

"It would be no use, sir, thank you," said Harriet Ann; "I'm afraid their father doesn't take much care of them, nor their mother neither; they live in a poor little place—only one room for all the family. Folks won't let them have a decent house to live in; and the children are always running about wild, in dirt and rags, as you see."

"But, why can't they have a decent house like other people?"

She was silent for a moment; then coming close to me she said, in an undertone, "They have such a dirty business, sir—chimney-sweeping—and—" She could get no further, but went in haste to the cupboard for another cup and saucer, and was longer in seeking that one than she had been in finding the other three.

When I bade them "good-bye," Shadey came into the road with me, looking very unhappy. "You see how it is, sir," he said. "If I could change my line, it would soon be all right; she won't look at me as I am, and I shouldn't like to ask her."

"Keep a good heart," I said; "you'll be able to raise yourself after a while, I have no doubt;" and I began thinking whether it might be in my power to help him.

"Thank you, sir," he replied, more cheerfully; "but I've been raising myself and coming down again ever since I was a little one, and in spite of the Act of Parliament. I should like to have done with that."

"There's my address," I said; "let me hear from you when you return to London; and look here, take this for your old uncle, it will help to make him comfortable when you're gone."

"Thank you kindly, sir," he said; "I can't refuse it. I hope some day as we shall meet again;—I never walked with any one so pleasant in the rain.—You know a man and a brother, sir, when you meet him, and so do I;—and thanking you for all favours, your health I wish, and good-bye.—And whenever your chimney smokes I shall be very happy to call—and sweep you down, free, gracious, and for nothing at all.—And I hope you'll never know what it is to be stuck fast in a chimbley,—with your master ordering of you to come down nimbly,—with the soot a falling down thick to choke you,—and some wet straw lighted in the grate to smoke you,—and a clothes-prop pushed up from below to poke you.—Such has been my sad fate often and often,—and I only wonder as I'm not now weeping in my coffin.—But see, it's left off raining, and there's a patch of blue in the sky,—and my hopes are also brighter, so thank you, sir, again, and good-bye."

Varieties.

TEMPLE OF DIANA.—The Temple of Diana, about which there has been so much contention among the learned for so many generations, is now proved to be octastyle, that is, having eight columns in front. It has eighteen columns on the sides, and the intercolumniations of the latter are chiefly three diameters, making the Temple diastyle. The statement of Pliny, as to its having had one hundred columns (externally), is correct, and as many as twenty-seven of these might have been the contributions of kings. Of the position of the thirty-six *columnæ calatæ* (sculptured columns), I may obtain further proof before the excavations are completed. Allowing for the projection of the sculpture on these columns, which, in the fragments lately found, is as much as thirteen inches, the diameter of the columns was about 5 feet 10 inches. The dimensions of the Temple given by Pliny, viz., 220 feet by 425 feet, were evidently intended to apply to the raised platform upon which the Temple was built. The actual width of the platform, measured at the lowermost step, was 238 feet 3½ inches English. The evidence as to its length is not at present so conclusive, and the dimension given on my plan may have to be corrected when the western and eastern extremities have been more thoroughly explored. The dimensions of the Temple itself from plinth to plinth, "out to out," are 163 feet 9½ inches by 308 feet 4 inches. The height of the platform was 9 feet 5½ inches. The interior appears to have been adorned with two tiers of elliptical columns, Ionic and Corinthian, fragments of these having been found near the walls of the cella.—*J. T. Wood in the "Athenæum."*

FAITH AND REASON.—Faith says many things concerning which reason is silent, but nothing which reason denies; it is often above reason, but never contrary to reason.

CHINESE PHILOSOPHY.—In ancient times there lived a man Shien. During a travelling tour he had occasion to rest the night at a roadside post-house. The weather was insufferably hot, and within the room musquitos swarmed by thousands. Shien fortunately had provided himself with curtains, but unfortunately the curtains were insufficient to resist the enemy. His efforts to keep them out were in vain, sounds of buzzing in unpleasant proximity still continued, and writhing under the intolerable torment of their stings, his thoughts transplanted themselves to his own peaceful home. He reflected on the spacious halls, cool couches, and the crowd of handmaids to fan and wait on their lord; and, continued he to himself, how is it that I should have suffered one moment of *ennui* in such a paradise? Why leave to seek pleasure and find misery abroad? During these meditations he observed the keeper of the post, who had no curtains, pacing the room with the musquitos swarming around him. But what seemed to him inexplicable was that the man still appeared to be in perfect good humour. Shien, still writhing in misery, exclaimed: "My good fellow, you are one hundred times worse off than myself, but how is it that while I am in torment of mind you on the contrary seem happy?" The keeper replied: "Sir, I have just been recalling to mind the position I was once placed in; when a prisoner, bound hand and foot, I was a helpless prey to these murderous insects, unable to move a muscle, they preyed on me with impunity and the agony was unbearable. It was the contrast of that horrible period with my present condition that produced that feeling of contentedness within me." Shien was startled by the mine of philosophy herein unfolded. Would, he thought, that the world in ordinary life would but daily keep in mind, and carry out such a principle of analogy. How vast then would be the result to man!—*North China Herald.*

HATS, THEIR MAKERS AND OWNERS.—A correspondent of "The Hatter," the circular of the hat and umbrella trade, gives a useful hint in the following amusing letter:—"Sir, when embarrassed by puzzling questions, whether of business, political or social kinds, I find relief—so much a habit has it become—by looking into the depths of my Hat, if having it on hand, and examining leisurely, perhaps for the one thousandth time, the marvellously involved and convoluted flourishes in gilt of a mixed Byzantine and Italian style, with which my worthy Hatter has encircled his name, together with [the name itself and address] entamped in bold Roman characters on cloth of satin. As you may suppose, I do not get much additional information, but my mind is for the moment diverted, and my countenance, so far as it can be seen, main-

tains its customary imperturbability. This frequent examination of the device and legend has led me to note a glaring omission. What I see may serve as a guide to a stranger where a Hat of similar quality may be obtained, but no apparent provision is made for the owner's name. In all these sinuous flourishes there is no space on which my name thus decorated might be inscribed; and seeing that the seller has no lien upon the property, my last bill having been paid, this seems somewhat hard. I have just seen a painting of the City of London in ancient time, over which is a cherub holding a scroll. If my Hatter would introduce something of the kind, with my name inscribed on the scroll, I would be satisfied. Seriously, Hatters should make some provision for inserting in an attractive form the names of their customers. As it is, customers are left to ink initials of full name on the inside leather, or to paste visiting-cards over the names of their Hatters. I am aware that the printing or embossing is done by other hands; but surely arrangements could be made to have this done promptly, or regular customers' names embossed in gilt letters might be held on hand.—*The Hatter.*

BARON STOCKMAR AT COURT.—Stockmar had a wife and children in Coburg, but if he spent six months in the year with them it was the utmost that he could expect, and sometimes years passed in unbroken separation from them. But he claimed as a return for his long visits an entire exemption from court etiquette. He had a room to himself in every one of the palaces at London, Windsor, and Osborne, and thither, whenever they wanted his society, Prince Albert and the Royal children used to come. Stockmar took court life very easily. His greatest exertion in this respect consisted in joining the Royal dinner-table when the Queen dined, and even on these occasions he, being chilly from bad health, was privileged to wear trousers instead of the official "shorts," which were ill-suited to his thin legs. When the Queen had risen from table, and after holding a circle had sat down again to tea, Stockmar would generally be seen walking straight through the drawing-room and retiring to his apartment, there to study his own comfort. That he should sacrifice the latter to etiquette was not expected of him, as for months together he was a guest in the house, and his exceptional position was so well recognised, that these deviations from courtly usage did not give offence, even in public. When the spring came, Stockmar suddenly disappeared. He hated taking leave, and his room would some fine morning be found empty. Then letters would follow him to Coburg, complaining of his faithlessness, and the summer generally brought requests that he would soon return.

DUGALD STEWART AS PROFESSOR OF ETHICS AT EDINBURGH.—He dealt as little as possible in metaphysics, avoided details, and shrank, with a horror which was sometimes rather ludicrous, from all polemical matter. Invisible distinctions, vain contentions, factious theories, philosophical sectarianism, had no attractions for him; and their absence left him free for those moral themes on which he could soar without perplexing his hearers, or wasting himself, by useless and painful subtleties. Within this his proper sphere, with topics judiciously selected and views eloquently given, he was uniformly great and fascinating. The general constitution of moral and material nature, the duties and the ends of man, the uses and boundaries of philosophy, the connection between virtue and enjoyment, the obligations of affection and patriotism, the cultivation and the value of taste, the intellectual differences produced by particular habits, the evidences of the soul's immortality, the charms of literature and science, in short all the ethics of life—these were the subjects, in expatiating on which he was in his native element; and he embellished them all by a judicious application of biographical and historical illustration, and the happiest introduction of exquisite quotation. Everything was purified and exalted by his beautiful taste; not merely by his perception of what was attractive in external nature or in art, but by that moral taste which awed while it charmed, and was the chief cause of the success with which (as Mackintosh said) he breathed the love of virtue into whole generations of pupils. He lectured standing, from notes which, with their successive additions, must, I suppose, at last have been nearly as full as his spoken words. His lecturing manner was professorial but gentleman-like; calm and expository, but rising into greatness, or softening into tenderness, whenever his subject required it.—*Lord Cockburn's Recollections.*

Ursvl
there
had b
it had
dream
Her
looked
No.